

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor.

VOL. 6--NO. 20.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO, JANUARY 25, 1851.

WHOLE NO. 280.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE,

Published every Saturday, at Salem, Col. Co., O.

Tracts--\$1.50 per annum if paid in advance.

\$1.75 per annum if paid within the first six months of the subscriber's year.

\$2.00 per annum, if payment be delayed beyond six months.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, Editor, All others to JAMES BARNABY, Publishing Agent.

Selections.

Chaplin's Reception at Syracuse.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

SYRACUSE, Monday, Jan. 6.

The reception of W. L. CHAPLIN at Syracuse this evening took place at the Congregational Church, and was all the warmest friends of Human Freedom could desire. At 6 o'clock every seat was filled, and at 6 1/2 o'clock not a book or cranny in the building, attended by Rev. S. J. May and others, Mr. Chaplin entered and was received with unanimous and prolonged applause. The ladies constituted a large portion of the audience, and they always turned out at meetings in behalf of Freedom; in this respect I suppose they are like their everywhere. And I am happy to add, that the men of Syracuse rank favorably in respect.

As soon as Mr. Chaplin had taken his seat in the desk, Mr. C. A. Wheaton of Syracuse read an appropriate and excellent oration, which was well sung by a powerful organ.

The hymn of grace was then appropriately addressed by Rev. P. H. Snow, late of Syracuse.

Rev. J. S. May said he would do that which was hardly necessary--formally announce the presence of W. L. Chaplin. He rejected that he was no longer a person, for obeying the commandments of the Lord Jesus Christ. For what had Mr. Chaplin done, that the Good Samaritan did not do? He had done only that which he, with circumstances reversed, would have desired to have done to himself. He had been released upon an amount before unbarred in all our Courts throughout the civilized world. He recited exceedingly at his release, not only on account of the benefit he will have on the country.

Mr. CHAPLIN then rose, and was greeted by a storm of cheering clapping of hands, and a more gratified set of people we saw assembled together. The ladies had blessed them!—were no backward in meeting their delight at the scene.

Mr. LOGUE (a Methodist Clergyman at Syracuse) then rose and addressed Mr. C. substantially as follows:

"Mr. CHAPLIN: I am a fugitive from Slavery. On behalf of myself, and the other slaves here present, I bid you welcome to Syracuse. We thank God that W. L. Chaplin has lived. We thank you for the love so recently manifested for the slave: thank you for the labors of you in the cause of our oppressed and down-trodden. There are many happy families in New York and Canada, who owe the privilege of breathing free air to your labors.—A mighty victory has been won over unyielding integrity. [Cheers.]—God bless you. We trust that the efforts of WILLIAM L. CHAPLIN will ever be in remembrance by our children and children's children—that they may never stone who has proved so noble a friend to our oppressed race. [Cheers.] Mr. L. died in most touching and eloquent words to the prayers that had been put up, and right, for his deliverance.

Mr. L. sat down amid the cheers of the slave, to all of whom he is well known as a man."

Mr. CHAPLIN responded. The terms in which his brother had referred to his labors of Human Freedom were too flat. He had done no more than his duty fifteen years he had done what he could do. If this occasion were to be had only as a congratulation on account of the fact that whereas some three weeks ago he was an inmate of a jail, hunted by authorities of the United States, and of the sovereign State of Maryland, yet he was now free, he would not regret it as much consequence as he now did.

Mr. C. then said he would state the consequences of his connection with the affair which resulted in his imprisonment in the United States, which those present were taxed to exert and support, and in Maryland, which should think no more taxed much to support. [Laughter.]

He said the thought would often arise, "What if he did remain there—to aid in their escape." He was there in the course of business, as he had been for the time for three or four years past.

But it was claimed, that as the persons with him were slaves, they had a right to assault him. Mr. C. briefly reviewed the Slave Statutes of Maryland, showing that the interference of her authorities was wholly gratuitous.

Mr. CHAPLIN continued at considerable length, in regard to the kind of conduct on the part of the North, which would convince the slaveholders that we of the North were in earnest, and believed what we said—in the course of his remarks paying just tribute to those slaveholders who sympathized, and who aided him. Men must be ready to sacrifice money, reputation, party, sect, church, office, reputation. Then, men will know them to be in earnest. This was what he called true Christian sympathy. He also referred to cases of horrible cruelty and hardship which Slavery had inflicted under his own observation.

It did not pass through the city, or one or more smart young men were not sold and put into the slave-pens, to be taken to the Southern market. This created alarm, and produced cases of unutterable hardship and agony, the tales of which, from his position, came directly to his ears.

In the course of these events, it came to his knowledge, that two young men were confined in a very small space—with scarcely room to breathe—and that it detected, their secretion would involve many others in condemnation, and expose them all to severe suffering, and the untold hardships of the worst forms of slavery, with no chance of redemption. It was at his option to do what he could to relieve them, or to let them all alone. He thought he could aid, he thought he could save them. Was he right in making the attempt? That is the question.

He would make a supposition. That is a Yankee way of doing the thing, whether it was reasoning or not. J. W. C. PENNINGTON—it was a long name—was born very black—was born unconstitutionally [Roars of laughter]—in the State of Maryland, near Hagerstown. In 1836 he was nineteen years of age, by great hardship escaped into Pennsylvania, was taken in by a Quaker family named Wright, asked to stay all winter, did so, and the children taught him the rudiments of reading. He was a good blacksmith. In the spring he went to Brooklyn, was a coachman—the woman thought he was a little sleepy—but he was a good man. In visiting the family, Dr. Cox observed the man, and was interested in him. At the end of three or four years, Pennington went to the Doctor one day, for explanations in regard to something in the Greek Testament! He had mastered the Latin and Greek, all alone! He then became a School-master in Brooklyn—and now in New York, and recently a German University had conferred upon him the degree of D. D. During all this time he had conducted himself in a manner worthy of all these distinctions and honors. Yet all this entitled him to the enjoyment of his natural rights no more than the feeblest child in this audience. But the question was: Had J. W. C. Pennington lived this noble life in Syracuse, and the slave-catchers were now after him, the Commissioner ready to sign the warrant to send him back to Slavery, and people enough ready to assist, and he was certain to go back, unless you came to his rescue, would you stand aside and let him go? Would you make it convenient to leave town on a journey just at that time, and leave him to the "care of Providence?" I ask, would you want to do such a thing?—or rather, I will ask if you did, would you ever wish to see yourself, or hear of yourself again?—[Tremendous applause.] I was in that situation. I knew well and calculated the perils. I did not run away, but I could not. I knew that a life in jail was hard—that life in a Penitentiary was hard—that death was hard—but I also knew that other things were more calamitous than these. It is more calamitous for any man to deny his manhood. [Cheers.]

He repeated that he did not go to Washington to rescue slaves. Whether it was the duty of any man to do so, he would not here discuss. It must be left to each one to decide for himself. Mr. C. went on to speak of the constant tales of woe and despair that filled his ears—that he went to bed and rose with the miseries of his fellow-beings constantly occupying his mind. In this connection, he bore testimony to the liberality of many Members of Congress in bestowing money to relieve cases of individual hardship.

Another thing. He did not suppose for a moment that he was committing a crime, constitutionally. He had, in common with many of the ablest lawyers in the country, arrived at the conclusion that slaves in the District of Columbia were not constitutionally—were not legally—held, even according to slave law. He knew he was right in the sight of Heaven, and did not believe he was interfering even with any human enactment. Now, what was the cause? Two young men, whose names he did not know, whom he had never seen before, were allowed by him to ride in his carriage for two or three miles, more or less—and when thus proceeding, he was assailed by a band of assassins, who fired fifteen shots upon his party, and thrust a Bowie knife through the panel of the coach, and assaulted him in a manner which, had it occurred in the State of New York, would have subjected every man of them to a trial, especially. Had this occurred in the State of New York, and he had shot every one of them dead, he would have been acquitted at law. But he carried no pistols—no weapons of death—as he never had done in his life; and he was not aware, until the assault, that any one with him was so provided. It was alleged by the prosecuting authorities of Maryland that he fired upon the party, yet there were persons present on that occasion, who would testify that he did not fire at all. And it Slavery is unconstitutional in the District, what an unmitigated crime was this murderous assault upon him! But it was claimed, that as the persons with him were slaves, they had a right to assault him. Mr. C. briefly reviewed the Slave Statutes of Maryland, showing that the interference of her authorities was wholly gratuitous.

Mr. CHAPLIN continued at considerable length, in regard to the kind of conduct on the part of the North, which would convince the slaveholders that we of the North were in earnest, and believed what we said—in the course of his remarks paying just tribute to those slaveholders who sympathized, and who aided him. Men must be ready to sacrifice money, reputation, party, sect, church, office, reputation. Then, men will know them to be in earnest. This was what he called true Christian sympathy. He also referred to cases of horrible cruelty and hardship which Slavery had inflicted under his own observation.

Delta, 20th ult.

Warning Voice.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore the Lion in his path—when poor and blind, He saw the blessed light of heaven no more, Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind

In prison, and at last led forth to be

A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid

His desperate hands, and in its overthrow

Destroyed himself, and with him those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;

The poor blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,

Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor blind Samson in this land,

Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of

steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,

And shake the pillars of this Commonwealth,

A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

What is our Method?

We do not endeavor to organize a political party, because we cannot take any executive, judicial, or legislative office, either state or national, without being obliged to swear to support the Constitution of the United States, which is an oath to give slavery material support. It is wrong to swear to support slavery to-day, even though we hope thereby to be able to abolish it to-morrow. It is wrong to swear to support a wrong, if we mean to keep the oath; and to our wrong is added pejority, if we mean not to keep it.

We do not organize a party, because politics is a game of expediency and compromise, even in moral questions; and our motto is, "Without compromise." Besides, by acting politically, we place ourselves, apparently at least, in an interested position. The people lose confidence in the purity and disinterestedness of our motives, if we propose ourselves as candidates for office. We prefer to belong to no party, but to appeal to men of all parties, to act up to the highest anti-slavery truth they can appreciate.

We do not organize an anti-slavery church; not because such an organization may not do very good service to the cause, but because churches, as at present organized, can be formed only by the adoption of some creed, or other statement of religious belief. The formation of a church involves a running among its members on many points; whilst, as anti-slavery men and women, we agree only in one, namely, that slaveholding is always wrong; and, being so, immediate emancipation is the duty of the master, and the right of the slave. Our object is the spreading of this truth, and this day; not the truths concerning the trinity or unity of God, the atonement, and other doctrines of the church, though more or less important in themselves. On our platform, all anti-slavery men are welcome, no matter what is their religious belief. In behalf of freedom, we will work with the Jew or the Gentile, as amicably as with the Christian. With us the Catholic or Churchman finds no more favor than the Unitarian, unless his works show a more lively faith.

We do not incite the slave to rebel; though, according to the creed of our revolutionary fathers, resistance to tyrants is the duty of God; because no moral question can be settled by force.

We do not, as an association, engage in "running off" slaves. Not that such an act is not perfectly right, and strictly in accordance with the golden rule—but that we do not honor W. L. Chaplin, who has been willing to risk a prison for the sake of aiding the oppressed,—no; but because such method of proceeding is extremely partial and limited in its operation, and because it cannot tend to produce immediate emancipation so efficiently as other means.

We do not seek to buy up the slaves,—some of us upon principle, as being a recognition of the right of the masters, but most of us because it would be impossible in this way to attain our object; and because for every slave we buy we strengthen the hands of the slaveholder, and give him an additional stimulus to uphold slavery. But our method is to adopt every just and feasible way of regenerating public sentiment on the subject of slavery. We form anti-slavery societies, sustain anti-slavery presses; we publish and scatter broadsides over the land, documents showing the wrongs of slavery; we hold conventions, and public meetings of various kinds; and, in all these and similar ways, we endeavor to gain the ear and attention of the people, and to convince them that slaveholding is always wrong; and that, therefore, immediate emancipation is the right of the slave, and duty of the master.

As our principle is based upon our common manhood, we appeal to men, not as partisans or sectarians, but simply as men, who are conscious that it is wrong for any one to enslave them.

Doubtless many will bring up the oft-repeated objection, "This is to do nothing; this moral agitation can effect nothing unless somebody rules unless somebody enacts a law." Let us look at this moment; for no object is brought forward more frequently, more triumphantly,—none which at first glance looks more valid, and none which, notwithstanding, is really weaker and more unsubstantial.

What is that which supports slavery? The law, you say. Very well; but who enacts the law? The Legislature! What determines the character of the Legislature? The votes of the people! And what determines the votes of the people? Their ideas! It is the ideas of the people; then, the public sentiment of the people, then, and not its laws, which supports slavery. Theologians tell us that the world existed ideally in the mind of God before the creation, and that it was created as it was, necessarily, because of the pre-existing idea. As it was

with the creation of the world, so it has always been with the works of man. They all necessarily presuppose certain ideas. The constitutions, laws, customs, parties, sects, of any people, exist solely and necessarily because certain ideas exist in the minds of that people. It was the French writers—those who changed the thoughts of the nation—and not a financial difficulty, which brought on the French Revolution.

Now, which shall we do first? Shall we seek to change the law by political action, or shall we endeavor to alter the ideas of the public by ceaseless moral agitation? Ideas are the cause; laws, the effect. Shall we endeavor to or to effect first on the effect or the cause? Evidently the latter. It is impossible to change any effect without first changing the cause. A law which is supported by public sentiment, or the ideas of a nation, cannot be repealed. So long as slavery is supported by the public sentiment of this nation, we cannot repeat the law supporting it.

If we could go through the form of a

repeat, it would be disregarded. But a law which is not supported by public sentiment is dead, though living on the statute-book.

It is of little or no use to go through the form of repealing it. What but public sentiment in Massachusetts effectively repealed the fugitive slave law of 1793? What was it that abolished villein slavery in England?

The repeal of the law of villeinage?

No; that law exists to this day as much the law of England as ever; but public sentiment abolished the law centuries ago. We cannot legally abolish slavery in this country, or repeat the legal supports of slavery contained in the national Constitution, until we have changed the moral sentiment of the nation on these questions; and as soon as we have done this, it will be of little or no use to go through the form of abolishing slavery, or any of its supports, for they will be already abolished. What we want is the will, not the power, to abolish slavery.

Such are some of the reasons why we are sure that our method of preaching anti-slavery is the best and only correct one.

—II. B. BOWDITCH.

Abby Kelley and S. S. Foster, in Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 6th, 1850.

During the past week, we have been favored with four anti-slavery, anti-fugitive slave lectures in this village, by Abby Kelley, Foster, and her lesser half, Stephen. It seems to have fallen to the lot of Stephen to handle the kidnapping law, which he did without mirth. Now Stephen admires prudence, but generally prefers it red hot. He prefers to believe that to "cry aloud and square not," and especially to "show the house of Israel their sins," is the highest kind of prudence.

He commenced his discourse with the following proposition, viz.—"that the bloody Nero and Judas Iscariot were Archangels, compared with Daniel Webster and the Springfield Republican. And that the crime of Prof. Webster was spotless purity, compared with that of Daniel?" This was apparently considered a fair start, by that portion of his audience who were Webster whigs, for they remained perfectly cool for some time after this introduction. But as Foster produced fact after fact in proof of his proposition, they very soon illustrated the conduct of the man who, on coming home from town meeting in a dreadful rage, kicked the table one way and threw the chairs another. His astonished wife seeing this unusual display of patriotism, inquired its cause.

"Why?" said the enraged husband, "don't you think, that rascally Brown accused me of stealing, before the whole town?"

"Law me," said the excellent wife, "I wouldn't mind anything about it, for he can't prove it."

"Prove it?" said the husband, "prove it, he did, and that's the worst on't!"

Just so with Stephen, it was the proof which made them wince.—Cor. Hartford Republican.

THE GROWTH OF INFIDELITY.—We regret to be compelled, as faithful chroniclers of events, to announce to our readers the alarming spread of infidelity in this city; this was when it was confined to the lower classes and the number of its adherents were few—and since the death of Abner Kennedy it was supposed to have nearly, if not quite died out. But the experience of Thursday last (Thanksgiving day) has convinced us of the contrary. So far from dying out it has assumed a bolder front and its followers, instead of being few and feeble, appear to have become numerous and influential. It has actually invaded the sacred altars of Christ, and professed Christian ministers have not hesitated to denounce the higher law of God and the Bible, and to claim for the lower law of man, however it conflicts with the dictates of Jehovah, an implicit obedience. Scouting the example of Daniel—of the three Jewish children—of Peter and John, it renounces the authority of the Bible, and boldly demands submission to an unchristian law and active obedience thereto, as the price of eternal happiness. There were some glorious exceptions to this downfall among the clergy; and thank God, for it, but the mass of the clergy, and the laity, too, are infidels.

Infidelity, we are told, is the parent of all sin, and it is the parent of all misery. The reason of Mr. Jay's misfortune is his Abolition propensity in general, and his course in the defense of Henry Long, in particular.

He is immensely to be pitied, but we trust he will find strength to endure this terrible infliction; but in any event, we trust the Union will be preserved.—N. Y. Tribune.

A SUPPORTER OF LAW AND ORDER.—

Chancing to be at the ferry about the time yesterday that the

Beauties of Slavery.

We copy the following from the *Memphis Eagle*:

On the 1st inst. our community was convulsed by one of those violent excitements, before which customary barriers give way. A horrible murder was followed by a summary and terrible punishment. The details of the tragedy, as accurately as we can ascertain, are these:

About 2 o'clock P. M., of Wednesday, a negro, accompanied by a white man, called at the Mayor's office. The object of the negro was to have a paper purporting to be a certificate of his freedom from the county clerk of Lincoln county, countersigned by the Mayor and Recorder, in order that he might travel upon the river. Recorder Chester at once discovered the certificate was forged, and descended into the street to have the negro arrested; he called up Messrs. Poston, Waldman and Frazer, the latter of whom made some remarks to the negro relative to his conduct; and Mr. Chester went in search of a police officer to take the negro into custody. Not finding one, Mr. C. returned. He told the negro to go up into the Mayor's office.

Mr. Chester then turned to deliver a paper to Esq. Waldman, when immediately the negro drew a pistol and fired at him; the ball entered his head on the left side, below the ear. Mr. C. fell at once, and lived only five minutes without speaking. Mr. Frazer and Mr. Brady promptly clinched with the negro, who attempted to use his pistol again. Mr. Frazer wrested the pistol from him, and finding that he could not discharge it again, chastised the negro severely. An excited crowd at once rushed in. Shortly, Mr. Chester's son, a lad of seventeen, came in, crazed with his terrible misfortune, was furnished with a pistol, and fired three shots into the negro's back. They inflicted a mortal wound.

The negro was hurried off to the call-house. A crowd, excited to frenzy by the spectacle of the dead Chester, followed, compelled the surrender of the call-house keys, dragged out the negro, and in view of an immense crowd, swung him up to the next tree. He confessed that he was a runaway, before dying.

The *Louisville Journal* of Thursday, the 9th inst., says: "A private letter to a gentleman in Nashville, states that a white man has been committed to jail as an accomplice of the murder, it being supposed that the pistol was furnished by him. It was with great difficulty the citizens could be prevented from hanging him also, the city guard having been doubled at the city prison."

THE CINCINNATI FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—We referred yesterday to the arrest of a colored man by our city watchmen. We have since seen the individual who was apprehended as a "fugitive" and locked in one of the cells of the watch-house. The history of this affair is somewhat singular, and may be interesting to our readers. We yesterday saw the apprehended "fugitive," and found him to be the barber, Hamilton Jackson, of Walnut street. He lives at the corner of New and Broadway. On Sunday night last, a man who gave his name as Chas. Hooker, found Jackson, near his own house, and inquired of him, after some circumlocutory proceedings, where the watchmen were. Jackson showed Hooker his Ninth Ward watch, when Hooker ordered them to arrest Jackson as a runaway slave from his master.

Jackson was accordingly taken into custody, and marched to the Mayor's office, all the time supposing it was a joke, and that the parties knew him. At the Mayor's office the Chief of the Police and the officers were acting in good faith, and even sent to Mayor Spencer's house for his master. Jackson was put into a cell and locked in! He had been there some time, when he began to think the joke had lasted long enough, and asked to be let out, but was then informed that the proceedings were in earnest, and that he was really imprisoned at the instigation of Hooker, and by affidavit by him, held as a "fugitive." This was rather a serious matter for Jackson; still he knew that he could establish his freedom, as hundreds had known him here for ten years or more, and there were persons here, also, who knew him when a child in Cliffieldothe.

The Fourth Ward watchmen came in during the night, and seeing Jackson confined there, and knowing him well had him released. The officers are now after Hooker, but he is not to be found. We presume there are few people of color better known here than Hamilton Jackson. From what we have heard, we think that this Hooker is a Northern man endeavoring to extort money, and is endeavoring to hook "niggers" in by false swearing and effrontery, but he may be caught by a hook of the law without swallowing bait.—*Cin. Cons.*

CASE OF HENRY LONG.—Mr. Tallmadge, Jr. Deputy U. S. Marshal, and Assistant Marshal Angelis, who with Assistant Marshal Brown, took Henry Long, recently claimed as a fugitive from slavery, to Richmond, Va., returned. Long was deposited, we understand, in Richmond Jail. On searching him after he got there, a large duck-knife was discovered secreted in his clothes. He was not searched previous to leaving here. The assertion that he played on the violin after he got back to Virginia is not correct, as he cannot play on the violin. He expected, before leaving, that he would be purchased and brought back. The Union Committee, it had been said, would probably do so if no others were enabled to raise the money; but there is no likelihood of such a movement on the part of its members.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

FUGITIVE SLAVES RECLAIMED.—The *Greenville Spy*, of the 14th inst., says: "Mr. Markwood of Washington County, Tenn., passed through our village on his way home from a tour to Michigan, with Thomas Chester, Esq., who had gone thither in pursuit of some slaves that had years ago escaped from his father Dr. J. P. Chester, of Jonesborough. Mr. Markwood stated in Greenville that they had succeeded in recovering seven of the slaves." [Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate, 1st.]

The same paper publishes the following from the *Memphis Eagle*:

FACTS TO BE NOTED.—Within the last few weeks, at least five fugitive slaves have been brought back to this city from free States, with as little trouble as would be had in recovering stray cows.

We occasionally receive letters notifying us that a slave, said to be the property of some one in this vicinity, has been lodged in

jail in Illinois or Indiana for his owner, who will please call, pay charges and take him away.

At this rate slave-catching is becoming quite common, if not profitable.

SLAVERY IN UTAH.—The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* writes as follows:

"In a recent conversation with an intelligent person from Salt Lake, I learned that many of the emigrants from the South, had brought Slaves with them into the Territory, still held them there, and entertained no fear whatever that they should be disturbed in what they called their property, before Utah should be ready for admission as a State, when she is just as likely to be a Slave as a Free State. The population is ascertained to be about twenty-five thousand. I presume the same statement of facts will apply to New Mexico, except as to population, which is more numerous than in Utah.

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN'S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—*Milton.*

SALEM, OHIO, JANUARY 25, 1851.

SUNDAY MEETING.—We hope to see a large meeting to-morrow at the Town Hall, to hear the reading of Horace Mann's "Thoughts for a Young Man," one of the most stirring productions of the age. We appeal especially to the Young Men of Salem to give their attendance, assuring them that they will thereby become the recipients of advice adapted to their peculiar circumstances and wants, and offered in a spirit which must command their highest respect and admiration. Sallie B. Gove and Alfred Wright, whose peculiar qualifications for the service will be recognized by all who know them, have consented to be the readers.

Cheap Postage.

We congratulate the country upon the passage through the House of a bill reducing the rates of postage. The following is a synopsis of the bill.

Each letter of half an ounce 3 cents. No post office or route to be discontinued, or compensation of Postmasters diminished. On printed matter of two ounces, one cent; each additional ounce, or portion of an ounce, one cent. Bound books, not weighing over two ounces, deemed mailable matter, provided that newspapers delivered within the State where printed, half the foregoing rates, and no postage on those mailed to actual subscribers in the county where printed, or within 30 miles. Fifty per cent, to be deducted from the postage on magazines, when prepaid. Three cent pieces to be coined, the stamps to be purchased as now to forge which is deemed a forgery. One and a half Millions of dollars is to be appropriated to meet the deficiency in the revenue. Letters unsealed for two weeks, are to be published only.

The Postmaster General is to establish post routes in cities and towns, having suitable places of deposit—the letters to be collected by carriers, and delivered at one or two cents each.—The penny post system to be separate.

The bill passed by a vote of 139 to 75, and its fate must now be decided by the Senate. At what date the new law goes into operation we are not informed.

For the passage of the bill through the House, the New-York Tribune credit is due to the patience, tact and pertinacity of Emery D. Potter of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee on Post-Office and Post-Roads. It is remarkable that nearly all the votes against it were cast by members from the South.

THE CASE BROUGHT HOME.—At an Anti-Slavery Convention in Philadelphia a short time since, Robert Purvis, a colored man of the highest intelligence and character, made a speech, in which he argued the right and expediency of forcible resistance to the Fugitive law on the part of the people of color. The Pennsylvania Freeman says, that while Mr. Purvis was speaking, Mrs. Purvis entered the hall from the Fair room, and whispering briefly to him again retired. With a deep excitement of feeling and manner, he repeated the fact she had communicated. A southern lady had just visited the Fair, and after looking carefully at all the colored persons present, she came to Mrs. P. and asked if she were free, if her mother was free, &c., and when pressed for a reason for such inquiry, she at length admitted that she was looking for a fugitive slave woman, whom Mrs. P. strikingly resembled, excepting a slight blemish in one eye, which marked the fugitive woman. The story says the Freeman, sent a thrill of horror through the audience. The thought which it forced upon every mind of the liability of the seizure of Mrs. P. in our midst, as a slave, stirred every heart with emotion, too deep for words, and which was told by faces flushed and pale—falling tears and suppressed sobs.

METHODIST RASCALITY.—Read the story on the First Page of the *Methodist* by which a Baltimore Methodist man-thief (belonging to the Church North, mind you!) is trying to clutch the liberty of three children of a colored woman once his slave. The agony of that poor mother's heart, at the prospect that her children are to be torn forever from her embrace and sold into hopeless bondage, who can describe? Call the attention of your Methodist neighbors to this case of atrocious villainy, and show them that while they remain in Christian fellowship with the perpetrator they are partakers in his guilt.

WHAT IS OUR METHOD?—The article under this head on the First Page is an admirable statement of the means on which Abolitionists chiefly rely for the promotion of their cause. It will do every one good to read it, but it is especially adapted to enlighten those who either have but recently espoused the cause or are not yet quite prepared to do so.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS says there were never so many and such great inducements to slaves to run away as there are now under the operation of the Fugitive law. This, we should think, might be sufficient to teach our contemporaries that no arts or terrors can arrest the progress of the anti-slavery cause. However, let the South insist on the fulfillment of the compact, for the more vehemently she urges her demands the sooner will the North be prepared to repudiate the Union and its immoral obligations.

From Parker Pillsbury.

PORTSMOUTH, New Hampshire, Jan. 12th, 1851.

DEAR FRIEND JOHNSON: Bird of perpetual passage as my calling makes me, I do not often see the Bugle with any regularity. But in the last one I saw, an expression editorial like this occurred, in reference to my sprinklings in your columns—"Oliver asks for more." The quotation was apt indeed, but the bloated beadle could not have been more astounded at poor Oliver Twiss's demand for one more spoonful of soup, than was your humble correspondent at your importunity. I had feared all along that you would be wearied with my much speaking.

To send you any thing like news, it were necessary that I be able to outrun the lightning. The telegraphic wires are becoming the speaking trumpets of not only States but Nations, and the time is to come, when we shall have morning reports from the British Parliament and French House of Assembly, with as much precision and regularity as we now have our daily news from the Congress of the United States. Indeed if your neighbor there in Pennsylvania, Mr. Wise, succeeds, as probably he will, in aerial navigation, we shall yet have a British Daily Mail, as regularly as we now have between New York and Philadelphia. A communication is at present, the East can see the West by letter. It may be that important transpires, somebody immediately comes up to the telegraphic wires, and as it were the trump of an archangel, he proclaims it all down the Atlantic Coast, over the Alleghanies, down the Ohio river, and up along the shores of the northern lakes, over to Iowa and Minnesota, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and "the Lord knows where," quicker than the most industrious old gossip can carry the tidings of some country courtship to one half her nearest neighbors. So that I never write to you, thinking to tell you any news of the least possible importance.

The most interesting Anti-Slavery fact at present, is, the wonderful success of the Ladies' Annual Fair in Faneuil Hall. Almost thirty-five hundred dollars, were at least fifteen hundred more than the most sanguine thought could be received. Every art and device were used to prevent the people from attending, but to no purpose. The sales were large and the success complete.

Before you receive this, you will have heard that Massachusetts is again under the rule of a Democratic Governor. Never did a party or a Prince resign the sceptre of authority with more scowling reluctance, than the old Whig dynasty of the Bay State. It seems as though the Heads of the party fancied their right to rule was Divine, and to be continued from everlasting to everlasting. One would think from their wallings and gnashing of teeth that henceforth there is an end to prosperity and peace here and everywhere, that they, being no longer in power, the world had better now postpone indefinitely, or adjourn *sine die*, and either call a Convention to organize anew, or go into a secession, to be hereafter, in the distant coming ages, picked up by some curious geologist, as we now gather the fossil remains of existences that ceased, no mortal can tell us when. Should Charles Sumner be elected to the Senate of the United States, I think you will see the total confounding of the whig party, not by the hand or torch of the incendiary, but by spontaneous combustion. Should that catastrophe, (so devoutly to be wished,) happen, be sure, you shall have all the particulars at my very earliest opportunity.

Excuse my hasty and want of interest this time, and hope for a better when next you hear from

Yours and your readers' most devoutly,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

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Semi-Annual Meeting of Congregational Friends in Indiana.

GREENSBORO, 12th M^o, 1850.

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CHARLES SUMNER, 12th M^o, 1850.The Society of Congregational Friends con-
vened in semi-annual meeting. The exercises
of the occasion were commenced by Henry C.
Wright, in a short, pithy, and very appropriate
address, on the philosophy and tenacity of re-
ligious formalities and church organizations.Lydia Davis and George Taylor were ap-
pointed to serve as clerks of the meeting.

The following resolutions were then offered by

Henry C. Wright, when he was present in one of

his most earnest and eloquent speeches to the

humanity of his hearers, and which, after a

very animated discussion, were adopted unanimous-
ly, with the exception of the second, which wasobjected to and voted against by some Wes-
leyan friends present, on the ground that they did not consider themselves bound bytheir Christianity to use all such means to ac-
complish the liberation of the slave, as they

would use, or wish others to use, to rescue them

or their children from slavery; thus virtually

setting aside (as we think) the teachings of Jesus:

to love our neighbour as ourselves.

Resolved, That it is the right and duty of the

slave of the South, to escape from slavery;

and in order to accomplish this end, and to se-
cure to themselves and their posterity the blessings

of liberty, it is their right and duty to use

all such means as it is the right and duty of

men to use to accomplish similar ends.

Resolved, That we, the people of the North,

one and all, it is a sacred duty to God, to

ourselves and to mankind, to *inculc and assist*

the slaves of the South to escape from slavery,

and to use all means to accomplish this end

which we would use, or wish others to use, to

rescue us or our children from slavery.

Resolved, That we will do what we can to

instigate the slaves of the South to escape from

slavery, and when they come here among us, we

pledge to them that we will protect them by all

such means as in our view God and Nature

have furnished us, against all efforts to re-
enslave them by whomever made.

And whereas, the right to locomotion, the

right to migrate to and abide in any land and

country is one of the inalienable rights of the

individual, and entirely necessary to every man

in the pursuit of his own true happiness; there-

Resolved, That any organic law or legislative

enactment disregarding this great principle of

human right, is a high handed assumption of

unquestioned authority on the part of those

originating it, whovver or whatever they may be.

Seth Hinshaw, Jonathan Huckleston, and

Zachariah Beeson were appointed a Committee

to take into consideration the time of holding

our semi-annual meetings.

The clerks were directed to prepare copies of

the series of resolutions offered by H. C. Wright

and forward them to the following papers for

publication. Anti-Slavery Bugle, Anti-Slavery

Standard, Liberator, Pennsylvania Freeman,

National Era, Indiana Courier and Free Dem-
ocrat.

Then adjourned to 6 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.

The Friends met at the hour designated.—

The Committee on resolutions reported the fol-
lowing, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That it is the duty of women to

assent and demand an equality of rights with

men, pecuniary, social, religious, and pri-
vately.

Resolved, That all pecuniary arrangements,

social or religious usages, or legal enactments,

which contravene this great principle of natural

justice, are unworthy the confidence and

sanction of an enlightened and Christian com-
munity.

Resolved, That eternal vigilance is the price

of liberty, and it would be free, if it is

time for those who are awakened to the in-
justice of this on to be up and doing.

Resolved, That we recommend the call of a

Convention, some time during the coming year,

for the purpose of taking into consideration the

Rights of Women and the best method for their

welfare.

The Committee on resolutions reported a res-
olution on War, which were laid on the table.James Paxton, Mathew Simmons, and Lu-
ther Wickersham were appointed a Committee

to prepare resolution touching the Education of

colored people.

George Taylor, Seth Hinshaw, Liberty Bar-
low, Thirslay Way, Lydia Davis and Edward

Wickersham, were appointed a Committee to

draft resolutions concerning the provision of

the new Constitution of the State relative to

people of color.

The meeting then adjourned to 9 o'clock on

First day morning.

MORNING SESSION.

The meeting convened at 9 o'clock as pre-
viously appointed. After the reading of the

minutes, the resolutions on War were taken

from the table, discussed at some length, and

finally adopted as follows:

LYDIA DAVIS, } Clerks.

GEO. TAYLOR, }

The presence and labors of our much esteem-
ed friend H. C. Wright gave additional interest

to the deliberations of the meeting. He was

listened to by all with a most intense interest.

His appeals to the hearts and conscience have

made, I trust, a lasting impression upon us all,

and the remembrance of his visit to us will be

long cherished by every lover of human freedom.

Allow me to say in conclusion, that if the

American Anti-Slavery Society has any agents

in their employ who are off the same piece of

cloth, let them send them this way.

Resolved, That it is the imperative duty of

every lover of our race to use all fit and becoming

means, to expel from our country and the

world the dark spirit of war, whether it be of

fensive or defensive, that the time may speedily

come when man shall recognize his fellow man

a brother, and Peace wave her olive branch over

land and sea.

Resolved, That for the promotion of the

above named object, we approve, and would

earnestly recommend the establishment of a

Peace Congress of Nations, for the adjustment

of national difficulties; and that we will use

our best endeavours for the accomplishment of

this end.

The following persons were appointed to pre-
sent names to constitute a Committee of cor-
respondence and arrangements for the purpose

of calling a convention, such as is contemplated

in the resolutions on the position of Woman.

Lydia M. Davis, Amanda Way, Edward

Wickersham, Thomas Gray, Melissa Diggs,

H. C. Wright, Susanna M. Bowman, G. Taylor.

Then adjourned to 1 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting convened at the hour adjourned

to. After the reading of the proceedings of

the previous session, the Committee on names re-
ferred the following, which were concurred in:

Melissa Diggs, Amanda Way, Winchester,
Randolph Co., Indiana.
Lydia Davis, Joel Davis, Economy, Wayne
Co., Indiana.
Jane Graves, Ann Thomas, Newort, Wayne
Co., Indiana.
Agnes Clark, Rebeca Williams, Hobart, Wayne
Co., Indiana.

GREENSBORO, Ia., Dec. 29, 1851.
DEAR OLIVER: The Semi-annual meeting of Congregational Friends in Indiana is now going on around me. It commenced its sessions yesterday; one session by day, and one by candlelight. The fugitive law, and our duty to protect fugitive slaves, regardless of all enactments of Congress or Constitutional com-
promises; the oppressions produced on the colored people of this State; War; and the Woman question; have been before the meeting. The Resolutions and doings of the meeting will in due time, be forwarded to you by the Clerks. The tone and spirit of the meeting have been earnest, and practical. A goodly number have been present. Some have come more than 50 miles. I will mention a few incidents which will not probably be alluded to in the report of the Clerks, and which strongly call to my mind the heading of this communication, marking the *popular* distinction between working for God, and working for Humanity.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.
Death of Elias Heacock.

FRIEND OLIVER: It is with feelings of regret and sorrow that I am called upon to send thee notice of the death of our neighbor and friend, Elias Heacock, who departed this life at 1 P. M. on the 15th inst. His death was caused by his horse running away last second day after-
noon or evening, in Lexington, when on his way home; he was precipitated from the wagon, and thrown head foremost against a log lying in the road; the concussion was a very severe one, causing a fracture of the skull, covering a space of about 25 or 30 square inches. His head was dressed that night and the next morning he was brought home. All medical skill proved in vain, and after lying senseless, apparently unconscious of his suffering, he ceased to exist, living only two days after the fatal accident.

The deceased had been taking an active interest in the reforms of the age, and was becoming conspicuous among his family and friends for such interest. To Elias T. Heacock the loss of her consort is a heavy stroke. In many ways may she and her two fatherless children feel this, a severe loss for some time to come. May the hearts of friends and kindred spirits yield that sympathy and consolation which will alleviate their unfortunate condition, and show them the many friends in need of their services.

I. N. P.
Portersville, Smith tp., Mahoning Co.,
First mo., 16th, 1851.

Hale Storm in the Senate.

U. S. SENATE, Jan. 15.
Mr. Clay having presented a petition in favor of Colonization, signed by a large number of ex-Governors, College Presidents and other "big bugs," and made a long speech thereon—

Mr. Hale said that he had been taking an active interest in the reforms of the age, and was becoming conspicuous among his family and friends for such interest. To Elias T. Heacock the loss of her consort is a heavy stroke. In many ways may she and her two fatherless children feel this, a severe loss for some time to come. May the hearts of friends and kindred spirits yield that sympathy and consolation which will alleviate their unfortunate condition, and show them the many friends in need of their services.

Mr. Butler, of S. C., said he had not voted nor did he intend to vote. He occupied the same position as the Senator from Florida; he would not vote.

The Chair. "Call the Senator from South Carolina."

Secretary. "Mr. Butler, Mr. Butler." No response was given. The Chair announced the vote to be decided in the affirmative, and the petition was laid on the table, 35 to 16.

Mr. Seward presented the petition of five hundred citizens of Hudson, N. Y., praying the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. He moved it be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Phelps said he desired to vote, and his name was recorded.

Mr. Upham also voted; Mr. Baldwin also voted.

Mr. Butler, of S. C., said he had not voted nor did he intend to vote. He occupied the same position as the Senator from Florida; he would not vote.

The Chair. "Call the Senator from New Hampshire."

Mr. Rusk said he had another point of order, and that was, that it was not in order to discuss petitions and the morning hour.

Mr. Foote. "Does the Chair decide that denunciation of the law was out of order?"

The Chair. "The Chair made no such decision."

Mr. Foote. Then the Senator is at liberty to go on as long as he pleases during the legislation of Congress.

Mr. Hale. "I assure the Senate I will not go on tenth the extent in condemning this law, the Senator from Mississippi did in denunciation of the action of Congress at the last session, in regard to the public printer."

Mr. Foote. "I was very wrong, I know." Mr. Hale. "I think the Senator

Miscellaneous.

[Here is a story written by the Editor of The Bugle for the N. Y. Tribune some five years since. It went the rounds of the press immediately after its first appearance, and now it is on its travels again, having recently been published in many of our exchanges. It is a simple narrative of facts, and there's no harm in saying that the Quaker Tailor who was so adroit in catching the swindler was Isaac T. Hopper, the man who has probably helped at least a thousand slaves to obtain their liberty.—*Ed. Bugle.*]

How a Tailor Collected a Debt.

Near the close of the last century, a Quaker or knight of the shears and thimble, who exercised his avocation in Philadelphia, was imposed upon by an adroit scoundrel, who contrived to get a suit of clothes on credit, and afterward sloped without paying for them. The Quaker was too poor to lose the debt, but like too many others of his cloth, had apparently no alternative. The account was placed on his books and soon forgotten. Some years afterward he was examining his old records of debt and credit, profit and loss, when his attention was attracted to this account, and all the circumstances attending it came to his mind. Suddenly an odd thought presented itself.

"I'll try the experiment," said he to himself; "perhaps I may succeed in catching the rogue and getting my money."

He immediately prepared an advertisement in substance as follows, which he inserted in the Philadelphia Gazette:

"It is C.—, who was in Philadelphia about the month of —, in the year 1795, will send his address to the editor of this paper, he will hear of something to advantage. Printers in the neighboring States are requested to copy."

The latter clause was inserted from a vague suspicion that the rogue had taken up his abode in New York.

Having instructed the editor not to disclose his name to the rogue if he should call, but to request the latter to leave his address, the Quaker patiently awaited the result of his experiment. In a short time he was informed, by a note from the printer, that the individual alluded to having arrived from New York, might be found at a given place in the city.

The tailor lost no time in preparing a transcript of his account, not forgetting to charge the interest from the time the debt was incurred. Taking a constable with him, who bore a legal process suited to the occasion, he soon arrived at the lodgings of the swindler. The constable was instructed to stand off a little distance, till the signal should indicate the time for him to approach.

The Quaker now rang the bell, and when the servant approached, requested him to inform the gentleman of whom he was in search that a friend wished to speak with him at the door.

The man obeyed the summons, and soon both debtor and creditor were looking each other in the face.

"How dost thou do?" kindly inquired the Quaker. "Perhaps thou dost not know me?"

"I believe I have not had the pleasure of your acquaintance," politely answered our hero.

"Dost thou remember purchasing a suit of clothes several years ago, of a poor tailor and forgetting to pay for them?" asked the Quaker.

"Oh, no," said the gentleman, blushing slightly; "you must be mistaken in the person. It can not be me that you wish to find."

"Ah, John! I know thee very well. Thou art the very man I wished to see. Thou hast on at this moment the very waistcoat I made for thee. Thou must acknowledge it was good stuff, and well made, or it could not have lasted so long."

"Oh, yes!" said the gentleman, appearing suddenly to recollect himself; "I do remember now the circumstance to which you allude. Yes, yes, I had intended to call and settle that little bill before leaving Philadelphia, and you may depend upon my doing so. I have come here to take possession of a large amount of property which has been left me by will. See! here is the advertisement which apprised me of my very good fortune."

Here he handed the Quaker a New York paper containing a copy of the advertisement, whose history we have given above. The Quaker looked at it with imperturbable gravity, and continued—

"Yes, I see thou art in luck, but as my demand is a small one, I think I must insist on payment before thee comes into possession of thy large estates."

The proper signal here brought the constable into the presence of the parties. The swindler was particularly astonished at the appearance of this functionary, who immediately proceeded to execute his part of the drama.

"What!" exclaimed the rogue, in an angry tone, "you surely haven't sued me?"

"Yes I have," replied the Quaker, "and thou shouldst be thankful that nothing worse has happened to thee."

"Come in then," said the debtor, finding himself fairly caught; "come in and I will pay you, if I must."

The three went into the house together, and the slippery gentleman, having the amount of the bill, paid it in full.

The tailor having signed the receipt, placed it in the hands of his late debtor, with feelings such as may be readily imagined. The swindler took it and for the first time glanced at the various items of which it was composed. He said nothing till he came to the last charge, which was "FOR ADVERTISING," when he broke forth—

"Hello! what's this? For advertising?—That's an odd charge in a tailor's bill! You are cheating me!"

"Oh, no," coolly replied the Quaker; "that's all right. I have charged thee the cost of publishing the advertisement which thou just showed me."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, and he demanded: "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication?"

"Truly I did," retorted the Quaker, with the most provoking coolness.

"You told a cursed lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said that I should hear something to my advantage if I should come here."

"Thou art mistaken," immediately responded the Quaker; "I only promised that thou shouldst hear something to advantage; and is it not to the advantage of a poor tailor to collect an old debt?"

"I catch you in the street," said the swindler, with an oath, and in deep set rage, "I'll give you such a cowhiding as will not leave a bursicle in your body."

"Nonsense, now," said the old Quaker; "It then really intends to do anything of that sort, I think we had better step into the back yard, and finish up the business at once."

The rogue was completely nonplussed by the coolness of the Quaker, and stood speechless and petrified.

"Now," said the tailor, good naturally, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou hadst not better attempt to cheat the tailor, but pay him honestly, for then thy conscience will not disturb thee, and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell."

The Defeat.

From the London Leader.

The struggle's o'er, and once again
Foul wrong has trampled on the right;
Yes, sadly, they misjudge the fight
Who think that we have fought in vain.

"Tis true, no well-fought field we boast;
Tis true, we wear no laurel-bough;
But 't is not true (though failing now,)
In losing this, that all is lost.

Think not that martyrs die in vain;
Think not that truth so soon will fail;
We only bow before the gods,
We only break to form again.

These are but flashes which forerun,
As heralds of the tempest's power,
And serve to light the clouds that lower,
And show the storm has not begun.

There grew up a mighty will,
And time will only give it force;
Though somewhat swerving in its course,
It tends to an object still;

And toiling upward to the place,
Where shines the everlasting morn,—
Not fearing hate nor heeding scorn,
The vanguard of a wavering race.

Though vengeance was the battle-cry,
And fell revenge first drew the sword;
More firm in act, more true in word,
We seek a nobler victory.

All the failures in the past
But make the future more secure;
And bygone sufferings ensure
The triumph of our cause at last.

Secure in truth we wait the day
As watchers wait the morning light;
For time will only strengthen right,
The false alone need dread dismay.

H. R. NICOLAS.

Panther Shot.

The well-known hunter, Mr. Charles Parmenter, of this town, who has been out in the woods the last two months deer-hunting, killed a few days since in the town of Belmont, in Franklin county, a large Panther or Catamount, measuring nine feet in extreme length, and weighing 237 pounds.—

Mr. Parmenter came upon the track while hunting, and the next day, with a dog, started with the determination to hunt him up.

After a short distance he struck the trail and soon came to where, with a single bound, he had killed and split entirely open a huge buck, apparently carried the same about 20 rods and partly buried the carcass.

Following in pursuit, Mr. P. soon came to a mountain ridge with huge shelving rocks, in a chasm under one of which he found the Panther's den. His dog, with hair erect and exhibiting extreme fear, refused to enter, when Mr. P., tying a rope around the dog's neck, entered himself dragging his dog after him. The Panther fled by another entrance and took to a very tall spruce tree near by. Mr. P. now climbed the ledge of rocks over head and thus found himself on a level with the tree top and distant about fifty feet from the same. The Panther was almost hid in the dense top, but catching a glimpse of him he fired in quick succession two buckles into his body. The Panther had now placed himself with his eye fixed on Mr. P., in the attitude of springing, when Mr. P., having quickly reloaded both barrels of his gun, fired one into the back of his neck, and the other through his body, the fourth shot brought him to the ground. The dog having now regained courage, rushed in upon him, but one bite of the dying Panther sent him back howling with pain, when springing to his feet the ferocious animal struck with his forepaws, and ran some 30 rods and fell dead. Mr. P. to make sure, put two additional balls into him and then ventured to approach him. Mr. P. intends to bring him down in a few days and give our citizens a chance to see this rarely found animal, whose strength, agility, ferocity and tenacity of life, render him monarch of the forest, and the dreaded foe of the most intrepid hunter.—*Potsdam, N. Y. Mercury.*

From "Poems of Hope and Action."

The Press.

By WM. CLAND BOURNE.

A million tongues are thine, and they are heard
Speaking of hope to nations, in the prime
Of Freedom's day, to hasten on the time
When the wide world of s^hit shall be stirred
With higher aims than now—when man shall
Each man his brother—each shall tell to each

His tale of love—pure and holy speech
Be made for the soul's high festival!

The gentle notes are heard, like choral waves,
Breaking the mountain, plain, and quiet vale.

The thunder tones are like the sweeping gale,
Bidding the tribes of men no more b^s slaves;

And earth's remotest island hears the sound
That doats on other wings the world around!

GRAVITY AGAINST FOLLY.—It was a saying of Paley that he who is not a fool half the time, is a fool all the time. Robert Hall, who held a similar opinion, was rebuked by a dull preacher with the exclamation, "How can a man who preaches like you, talk in such a trifling manner?" replied, "There, brother, is the difference between us, you talk your nonsense in the pulpit—I talk mine out of it." The eminent Dr. Smith, being in the midst of a frolic on one occasion, and seeing a dignified, unbending acquaintance approaching, exclaimed, "Stop, we must be grave now, there's a fool coming."

Here the swindler uttered a horrid oath, and he demanded: "Do you mean to say that you caused the publication?"

"Truly I did," retorted the Quaker, with the most provoking coolness.

"You told a cursed lie in it," quickly retorted the rogue.

"Convince me of that," said the Quaker, "and thou wilt find me ready to confess the fault."

"You said that I should hear something to my advantage if I should come here."

The Lent Paper.

BY W. B. F.

"John, what has become of last week's paper?" inquired Mrs. C. of her husband. "Surely, wife, I cannot tell. It was bro't from the office, I think."

"Yes, James brought it home on Saturday evening; but neighbor N.— and his wife were here; he laid it on the parlor table."

"O, N.— has got the paper. I remember now of lending it to him."

"I am very sorry for that. I think you do wrong, husband, in lending the papers before we have read them. He who takes a paper, and pays for it, is certainly entitled to the first perusal of it."

"Yes; but N.— asked me to lend it to him."

"And how could I refuse so kind and obliging a neighbor. I am sure he would lend me his, and then will thy conscience not disturb thee, and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell."

"Now," said the tailor, good naturally, "let me give thee a piece of advice. When next thou hast occasion to get a suit of clothes, thou hadst not better attempt to cheat the tailor, but pay him honestly, for then thy conscience will not disturb thee, and thy sleep will be sweet and refreshing. Farewell."

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